WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 11.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1804. [WHOLE No. 115.

Urganda and Fatima;

AN

EASTERN TALE.

IN one of the most beautiful vallies that lies upon the borders of the capital of the east lived Zegdad, an inoffensive shepherd—He had but one child, and having been early deprived of his wife, he lavished his whole stock of tenderness on Fatima. Though fortune had not been lavish of her gifts to the father of Fatima, yet he wanted not the necessaries or comforts of life—His cottage was clean, and furnished with every thing useful. His fields supplied them with food—his flock with raiment. Fatima was coarse in her person, but she was chearful and good-natured—she rose each morn with the feathered songsters, and chearfully performed the duties of her station—Her whole study was to please her father, and a smile from Zegdad was at any time ample recompense for the severest fatigue, and like a cordial served to revive her drooping spirits.—She would assist unasked in the most laborious employments, and when the labor of the day was past, she would lightly trip over the green turf, with her young companions, while her father played on the flagelet. The mind of Fatima was calm as the delights of Paradise.

One day her father sent her to the grand Vizier's with fruit for his favorite—She was conducted by an eunuch into the garden, where the beautiful Semira was reposing on a bed of roses, clad in all the pomp of eastern magnificence, while two slaves were fanning her to rest.

Fatima had never before seen ought but simplicity—she was filled with wonder and astonishment at the surprising beauty and grandeur of Semira, and as she gazed, envy and discontent crept into her hitherto guileless heart.

She returned home with a mind totally altered to what it was. Her rural pastimes no more delighted her—labor was now a trouble—she had been a witness to the ease and indolence of Semira. If at any time she caught a glimpse of her person in the stream, she turned from it with disgust. Her days were joyless, and her nights spent in bewailing her unhappy lot. One evening, deaf to the solicitations of her young companions, she retired to a thick grove, and inattentive to the distant sound of the flagelet, thus gave vent to her sorrow.

"Oh, wretched Fatima, unhappy maid! why was I born to know so hard a fate, to eat the bread of labor, to sleep upon a rushy couch, while Semira is surrounded with splendor, is served by kneeling slaves, and sleeps on a bed of down! Why has nature denied me those ravishing beauties it has so bountifully lavished on her———her eyes are bright as the stars—her lips like half blown roses—her hand and arm like polished ivory! Oh, why was I not lovely as Semira, and favorite to the grand Vizier—in this low abject state my being is intolerable—I will no longer endure it, but in yon limped stream lose the remembrance of myself and Semira,

At this moment the Fairy Urganda stood before her.

Thy complaints are just, oh, Fatima! (said she) and if thou wilt relinquish thy home, and forsake thy father, thou shalt enjoy the utmost extent of thy wishes. Fatima eagerly complied with the offered terms, and the Fairy immediately sprinkled her with water, at the same time pronouncing some mystic words, when she was transformed into a virgin of transcendant beauty, and found herself in the garden of a palace belonging to the grand Vizier.

The lovely Semira had the day before offended her Lord, and was no longer a favorite. Fatima attracted the notice of the Vizier—he ordered her to be led into splendid apartments, clothed with costly robes, adorned with jewels, and appointed slaves to wait on her, and comply with all her wishes—and Fatima supplied the place of the degraded Semira. She now thought herself

the happiest among the happy; but the Vizier was passionate, capricious, jealous, and extremely cruel, and it was not long before the disappointed Fatima discovered, that to be favorite to the grand Vizier was to live only in splendid slavery.

But though (said she often to herself) though the grand Vizier's favorite is miserable, how superlatively happy must be the favorite Sultana of my lord the emperor! Oh, could I but attain that envied station, how soon should the imperious Vizier suffer for his barbarity to me!

Again did the bosom of Fatima suffer all the miseries of discontent, the vaulted roofs, spacious gardens, and rich presents of the Vizier, no longer charmed her. She sighed for the ensigns of royalty, and her pillow was nightly bedewed with her tears. One evening she retired to an arbor at the extremity of the garden, and throwing herself on the banks where she had first seen Semira, thus poured forth her complaints—

How wretched is the fate of Fatima—condemned to drag a hated being with a man who studies only his own gratification, and expects me to be the slave of his caprice and passion. Oh, could I but get from this detested place, I would fly to my lord the emperor, and bow myself low in the dust before him. My charms might captivate his royal heart, and I might reign the empress of the east.

As she spoke these words, a sudden light entered the arbor, and the Fairy Urganda again stood before her.

Beautiful Fatima, (said she) forbear your complaints, the prophet permits you to enjoy your wish, then rise, and follow me.

The Fairy led her to the emperor's palace, and placed her among a number of beautiful slaves, from among which the emperor was next morning to chuse a favorite.

In the morning the emperor passed through the apartment, and his choice fell on Fatima. She was clothed in the ensigns of royalty, led in state to the mosque, and in a few hours heard herself proclaimed Empress of the east.

But Fatima had to the idea of royalty annexed the ideas of youth and beauty, how surprised was she then to find the emperor old, ugly, and deformed in his person, morose in his disposition, and jealous in the extreme—she shrunk from his embraces with horror, and contracted so settled an aversion to him, that not all the splendor that awaited her could in the smallest degree compensate for the many tedious hours she was obliged to devote to him.

Among the slaves that attended on Fatima was the artful Zynina, who had long, with envious eyes, beheld the love of the emperor bestowed on others, and only watched an opportunity to ingratiate herself in his favor, by rendering him some piece of service—To this end she cultivated the friendship of the new queen, and by degrees drew from her the reason of her tears and dejection. This intelligence was instantly conveyed to the emperor, with the addition of Fatima's heart being dedicated to another. Osmin, willing to be convinced of the truth of Zynina's declaration, desired to be concealed in an apartment adjoining the queen's, where he might easily overhear any thing that passed between her and the deceitful slave, who immediately returned to her mistress, and artfully renewed the conversation. Fatima, glad to unburthen her almost bursting heart, confessed her settled aversion to her Lord, and that death itself would be preferable to her present situation. Then death be thy portion, cried the enraged emperor furiously rushing into the apartment, and lifting his glittering simitar.

Fatima fell upon her knees, and in an agony of terror, exclaimed—O that I was an humble cottager, and had never known the pangs that wait on greatness. At that moment she found herself clad in her former homely apparel, standing at the door of her father's cottage, when the Fairy appeared, and thus addressed her:

Fatima, I have shown you the vanity of human wishes—learn from hence to be content with the alotments of providence. Whatever be your situation in life, submit to it without repining, and know that our holy prophet who ordereth all things in this terrestrial world, knoweth what is best for mortals: Fulfil therefore the respective duties of thy station to the utmost of thy power: Envy not the superior lot of another, but humbly take the blessings within thy reach—enjoy them, and be thankful.

PITT AND FOX.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MR. AUSTIN's LETTERS.

London, September 15.

MR. PITT is the most cool, perspicuous, dignified, and fluent speaker, who ever rose in a deliberative assembly. The moment he is expected, a solemn stillness pervades the house, and while his presence is felt, his adversaries lose all their influence, His manner is gentle and unassuming, his gestures moderate and conciliatory, his voice musical, clear and distinct; his words most happily selected, without the least appearance of selection, flow in an unruffled, uniform stream, always sufficiently rapid to interest, and frequently, to command attention. With these advantages he opens upon the house, a mind veteran in politics, and as extensive as the various relations of the empire. Nor is he deficient, though sparing, of the illustrations of modern science, and the embellishments of ancient literature. With a mind thus adorned by nature, thus disciplined by art, and habitually cool and determined, no wonder he discovers, on all occasions, a reach far beyond the attainment of ordinary men. A mighty kingdom he still seems to support, nor does he sink under the weight, while the fallen statesman is yet willing to hazard his former immense responsibility. Doubtless, no mortal, in a British House of Commons, could support such a weight of character, unless his pre-eminent abilities had first given him a necessary weight, and then that weight of character had again seconded his abilities.

His chief excellence consists in imposing a full confidence in his own capacity: then he places you at a due distance, perfectly at your ease, and no matter whether he is right or wrong, you are loath to interrupt the copious stream of his eloquence, which flows with such a felicity of connexion, and concludes with such an elegant compactness, that you fancy you have been listening to an oracle, whose words, dictated in the harmony of numbers, carry a divine influence. No breaks,

no exclamations, no agitation, no violence of expression mark his course, ruffle his temper, or disturb the spell. Never, like the column of Niagara, does he astonish by his headlong torrent, falling, sparkling, and spreading wide its foam: he preserves his natural and deep channel. He fixes you, it is true, and you are satisfied while under the power of his words, but the moment he concludes, the impression is gone, and you are ready to dispute him. The reason is, Pitt's eloquence is the eloquence of the head, and not the eloquence of the heart. He is cold as the northern regions, and dry as the deserts of Arabia. He is afraid to tempt his feelings, lest his heart should betray his head. Hence, he is sparing of ornament, suspicious of moral digression, and fearful of an appeal to the passions.

Destitute, at present, of the pioneers of the treasury bench, he stands self-supported, and seems to plant himself in a narrow defile, prepared to oppose all who may come that way: and though he sees his adversaries from far, some, like Fox, approaching directly, others scouring along the declivities, and a few subaltern partizans, who retreat the moment their heads are discovered over the hills, he maintains his ground, although his accustomed armor renders him incapable of varying his weapons, while his mechanical movements forbid him to pursue the enemy.

Fox appears in the House of Commons under the most favorable impressions, which a man, ambitious of the orator, can desire. He commands the awe, if not admiration of the ministry, steals into the affections of the indifferent, and carries with him the enthusiasm of his friends. How can it be otherwise! His heart is laboring, and full, before he rises. Consistent from the beginning, his sincerity is never doubted, and thus is he always in possession of the foreground: and though he frequently breaks out in sudden abruptness, the beginning of his last speech forever seems the conclusion of his former. So that his whole political life has been one connected flow of eloquence, here only a narrow stream, and there scarcely flowing at all, but on every great occasion, collecting itself to a torrent, and wide rushing in a lengthened volume, now breaking over rocks and precipices, and now making its own channel through the labored mounds, which his busy competitors had reared, sweeping all away, and, not unfrequently overwhelming his enemies, and leaving their dead bodies floating far behind.

Though slovenly in his appearance, unwieldy in his person, and ungracious in his manners, though his voice is disagreeably shrill, his words frequently indistinct, and his action generally embarrassed, yet he has scarcely begun, before you are solicitous to approach nearer the man. In the midst of passion, which sometimes agitates him until he pants high, he discovers so much gentleness of temper, and so little personal feeling, that a stranger might easily imagine he saw this man among the Gods, unincumbered with any mortal affection, debating for the good of mankind. So much pure principle, natural sagacity, strong argument, noble feeling, adorned with the choicest festoons of ancient and modern literature, and all these issuing from a source, hitherto inexhaustible, never distinguished a man like this.

With these advantages of consistency, of integrity, of political sagacity, of irresistible, lengthened argument, no wonder, though he never condescends to personality, if all those over whom the influence of corruption has passed, shrink under his presence.—They have nothing to fear. Fox never descends from the summit of his reputation; he feels himself in the midst of Europe; he knows he has long been a spectacle both to his own, and the neighboring nations, and standing in the midst of Europe, he seems to hold in one hand the scroll of his past life, while his eye, accompanied with a great look, pierces down to posterity in pledge of future constancy.

Pitt you are willing to hear until he is exhausted. But Fox first lays down an interesting position, fixes your earnest regard, and attaches you wholly to himself; then, by the rapidity of his utterance, hurries you on, not to immediate conviction, for he is sure the minds of all are pressing forward, and thereby he is enabled, fearless of presuming on their patience, to give a loose to his feelings, to his genius, to his learning, all which united, and mingling and assisting each other, give a force to his arguments, irresistible, and would confound all distinction between his friends and enemies, did not Pitt, at these moments, the sole support of his party, rising amidst the calm and silence of the solemn impression, recal to a new conflict the dubious feelings of his majority.

Fox, in one respect, will forever be esteemed above his cotemporaries.—Though he has grown grey in the opposition, he has never made one personal enemy. At the end of a twenty year's contention, he is still considered a man of a noble disposition, and still maintains the influence of his former days, both in the moment of debate, and with the nation at large.

The following extract of a letter from the late General HAMILTON, *will be read with infinite pleasure. It is found in the Liverpool Chronicle of the 29th of last August, introduced by the editor in these words:* [N. Y. Gaz.]

[We have been favored, through the courtesy of a gentleman in this town, with the following extract of a letter from the late General HAMILTON, dated New-York, 1799, to a relation of his here, who had requested to know some particulars of his life. We have no doubt but it will be perused at the present moment with lively interest.]

"I CAME to this country at about the age of 16, and having always had a strong propensity to literary pursuits, by a course of steady and laborious exertions, I was able, by the age of 19, to qualify myself for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the college of New-York, and to lay a foundation, by preparatory study, for the future profession of the law. The American Revolution supervened. My principles led me to take part in it. At 19 I entered into the American army as Captain of Artillery, and shortly after I became, by his invitation, Aide-de-Camp to General Washington; in which station I served till the commencement of that campaign, which ended with the siege of York-Town, Virginia, and the capture of Lord Cornwallis's army. This campaign I made at the head of a corps of light infantry, with which I was present at the siege of York, and engaged in some interesting operations. At the period of the peace with Great Britain, I found myself Member of Congress

by the appointment of the Legislature of this State. After the peace I settled in the city of New-York, in the practice of the law, and was in a very lucrative course of practice, when the derangement of our public affairs, by the feebleness of the general confederation, drew me again, reluctantly, into public life. I became a Member of the Convention which framed the present Constitution of the United States, and having taken part in this measure, I conceived myself to be under an obligation to lend my aid towards putting the machine in motion. Hence, I did not hesitate to accept the offer of President Washington, to undertake the office of Secretary of the Treasury.—In that office I met with many intrinsic difficulties, and many artificial ones proceeding from passions not very worthy, but common to human nature, and which act with peculiar force in Republics.—The object, however, was effectual of establishing public credit, and introducing order into the finances.

"Public office in this country has few attractions. The pecuniary is so inconsiderable as to amount to a sacrifice to any man who can employ his time with advantage in any liberal profession. The opportunity of doing good, from the jealousy of power and the spirit of faction, is too small in any station to warrant a long continuance of private sacrifices. The enterprises of party had so far succeeded as materially to weaken the necessary influence and energy of the Executive Authority, and so far diminished the power of doing good in that department, as greatly to take away the motives which a virtuous man might have for making such sacrifices. The prospect was even bad, for gratifying in future the love of fame, if that passion was to be the spring of action. The union of these motives, with the reflections of prudence, in relation to a growing family, determined me as soon as my plan had attained a certain maturity, to withdraw from office. This I did in the year 1795, by resignation, when I resumed the profession of the law, (as counsellor) in New-York, under every advantage I could desire. It is a pleasing reflection to me, that since the commencement of my connexion with General Washington to the present time, I have possessed a flattering share of his confidence and friendship. In the year 1780, I married the second daughter of General Schuyler, a gentleman of one of the best families of this country, of large fortune, and of no less personal and public consequence. It is impossible to be happier than I am in a wife, and I have eight children, the eldest a son, somewhat passed seventeen. who all promise well, as far as their years permit, and promise me much satisfaction. Though I have been too much in public life to be wealthy, my situation is extremely comfortable, and leaves me nothing to wish but a continuance of health; with this blessing, the profits of my profession, and other prospects, authorise an expectation of such addition to my resources, as will render the eve of life easy and agreeable, so far as may depend on this consideration."

FEMALE LIBERALITY.

THE following anecdote will not only prove the fallacy of the remark, that a woman cannot keep a secret, but will serve as an additional instance of that generous and humane spirit which so nobly characterises our fair country women.

Some years since, a lady called at a glover's shop in the outskirts of the town, and purchased a pair of gloves for her immediate wear; observing at the time she was on her road to Barnet; that she had left her gloves at a friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being benighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the lady's gloves, and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with bank-notes, stepped into her post-chaise, and proceeded on her journey. She had scarcely reached Finchley-Common, when a highwayman stopped the chaise and demanded her money: He intreated her not to be alarmed, he had no intention upon her person; if she surrendered her property it was all he wanted; distress, and not his will, urged him to this desperate act, and he was determined to remove his penury or perish. The lady gave her purse, and the desperado rode off. After he was gone and the fright had subsided, the lady imagined that, in the address of the highwayman, she recognised the voice of the glover she had some time ago dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered the post-boy to drive back to town; not choosing, as she said, to venture further over the heath. On her arrival at the glover's, she knocked and gained admittance; the glover himself opened the door. The lady desired to speak to him in private. The glover showed her to a back parlor, when she exclaimed—

"I am come for my purse, which you have robbed me of this evening on Finchley-Common!

The glover was confounded. The lady proceeded.

"It is of no use for you to deny it: I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity!"

The glover, overcome with guilt, shame and confusion, returned the purse, confessed his crime, and pleaded his distresses. The lady, after a suitable admonition gave him a ten pound note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel; adding, that she would never divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the subsequent discovery was omitted, and it was not till very recently, that a minute of this singular transaction was found among the papers of the Lady alluded to; even in this private memorandum the name and residence of the glover was omitted, and the secret in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave.

After this tale, the truth of which may be relied on, who will say, that a woman cannot keep a secret?

Lon. Pap.

PEDANTRY.

A PEDANTIC gentleman who was travelling, and above common language, stopped at an inn to get his horses and himself refreshment. Seeing some boys, when he alighted, he ordered one to circumambulate his horse two or three times round the mansion, then permit him to inhale a moderate quantity of aqueous particles, after which to give him proper vegetable nutriment, and he would make him pecuniary satisfaction.

The boy being unaccustomed to such language, ran into the house and told his father a prince was without who spoke French; the father comes out, and hearing the man scold, asked him what was the matter? "Sir, says the gentleman) I invoke all the genii astestis's that your offspring rejected me, and refused to put in practice my desires.—Now, Sir, you I implore to inforce obedience upon them by correction, and then immediately provide some nutrious substance, to strengthen nature, cured over vegetable fuel, aa I abhor the sulphurious tincture of minerals—remember to get me some stimulus with it."—The innkeeper, without hesitation, concluded him a madman, and with his lusty wife, seized and tied him hands and feet, to a ring in the barn floor, then went for a doctor, who put a moderate blister on his back, which in three days brought him to his wandering senses.

BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY.

ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

YOUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities.—In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave upon your mind that sacred rule of "doing in all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you." For this end, impress yourselves with a sense of the original and natural quality of men. Whatever advantage you may possess above others, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. It becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men often looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indolgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyments. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

ENORMOUS EATER.

A JOURNEYMAN blacksmith, of the name of Settle, a noted gormandizer, undertook, for a trifling wager, to eat a shoulder of mutton of six pound weight with a proportionate quantity of vegetables, and a threepenny loaf, and to drink a quart of ale, at a public house in the neighborhood of Goldenlane. He was to perform the task in an hour; but he completed it in 50 minutes, and actually bespoke a supper of beans and bacon.

Lon. Pap.

OYSTER TRIAL.

Essex Assizes July, 21.

The King v. Walford.—The defendant was indicted on two indictments for *larcenies*, in taking oysters from oyster lanes on the sea banks near this county. The question to be tried was whether it was a larceny or not; on one side it was contended that oysters were as much *wild* animals in the sea, as sprats or herrings, and could not be subject to larceny.—It was learnedly disputed, whether an oyster had *loco motive* powers—some insisted he had, others he had not; whether he moved by hopping, jumping, or floating, was deeply considered by the advocates of the loco motion. The other side insisted he lay where tumbled, and that he grew up from being a *spat* until he was fat and fit for London. To this was answered, how was he to be identified; was he marked with a brand mark or any other? With respect to their being sere naturæ, it was said it did not apply to the present case, for on these oyster lanes they fetch their spal (i.e. spawn) from the different coasts and shot them overboard on these banks to fatten, and therefore these must be reclaimed and not wild oysters.

The learned Judge having patiently heard all these deep dissertations very shortly observed, that the legislature, by 31 of George III. c. 51, had made the taking of oysters from the lanes a misdemeanor, and therefore he should not rule it to be a felony.—The defendant was accordingly acquitted.

A BURLESQUE DESCRIPTION OF THE PERFORMANCE OF A CELEBRATED ACTRESS ON THE EDINBURGH THEATRE.

YESTERDAY Mrs. ——, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful adamantine, soft and lovely person, for the first time in the TheatreRoyal, in the bewitching, melting, and all tearful character of Isabella. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight.

This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this star of Melpomene, this comit of the stage, this sun in the firmament of the muses, this moon of blank verses, this queen and princess of tears, this despot of the poison'd bowl, this empress Rusty Fusty of the pistol ond dagger, this chaos of Shakespeare, this world of weeping clouds, this Juno of commanding aspect, this Terpsichore of the curtain and scenes, this Proserpine of fire and earthquake, this Katerfelto of wonders, exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all description. She was Nature; She was the most exquisite work of art; she was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, wall flower, and caulliflower too, sweet briar, furze blossom, gilly flower, and rosemary. In short, she was the very bouquet of Parnassus.

Several fainted before the curtain drew up—the very fiddlers in the orchestra, blubbered like hungry children, for their bread and butter; 109 ladies fainted; forty-six went into fits; and ninety-five had strong hysterics. The world will hardly credit the assertion, that fourteen children, five old women, a one handed sailor, and six common council men were actually drowned in the inundation of tears, that flowed from the galleries and boxes to increase the briny flood

in the pit. The water was three feet deep, and the people, that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were, in that situation, up to their ancles in tears.

Nature, surely, in one of her humane leisure hours, in one of her smiling days, in one of her weeping months, and in one of her all-sorrowing years, made this human lump of clay perfection,

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 15, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 39 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 5—abscess 2—apoplexy 1—bursting a blood vessel 1—debility 1—dropsy 1—typhus fever 1—flux 1—hemorrhage 1—jaundice 1—inflammation of the stomach 1—old age 1—quinsy 1—still born 1—teething 1—whooping cough 3—worms 1—and 15 have been permitted to die of the *SMALL POX!!!*

Of the whole number 5 were of and under the age of 1 year—7 between the age of 1 and 2—6 between 2 and 5—5 between 10 and 20—7 between 20 and 30—4 between 30 and 40—5 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—and 1 aged 102, viz. Mrs. Jane Le-Porte-Reine, a native of France, who had resided in this country upwards of 50 years.

Of the above 14 were men—6 women—13 boys—and 6 girls.

During the month of November have been born in the city of New-York, 128 Males, and 148 females, total 286; and during that period 51 men, 48 boys, 46 women, and 47 girls, have died, total 191; leaving a balance of 84 in favor of the population of the city.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

Last Sunday morning a Mr. W—— of this city arose before his wife, and had breakfast prepared, and even the tea poured out ready for drinking against she came down. Just as they were seated, a rap called him at the door. While he was there, happening to taste her tea, she found it too sweet for her, and therefore exchanged her cup for his, he being in the habit of drinking his tea sweeter than she was. He returned, swallowed the contents of his cup somewhat hastily, when looking earnestly at the sediment, he turned to her with a face of horror and asked if she had changed the cup? Being answered in the affirmative, Then I am gone, said he, and died in less than two hours.

Evn. Post.

Mrs. Johnson not unaptly termed the *Lady Townly*, of the American stage, and who now ranks amongst the peculiar attractions of the New-York theatre, has we find a counterpart on the boards of Drury-lane.——A London paper of September notices, in terms of approbation, Mrs. Johnson from the American stage, as having performed Elvira to the Rolla of Elliston.

It is a singular circumstance that these ladies bear to each other a striking resemblance, not only in name, but also in form and countenance. While our Mrs. Johnson was absent on her European visit, an American gentleman attended the performance of her namesake at Bath, and imagining her the same made her a morning visit, by which he discovered his mistake. The London audience, it appears, are generally in the same error.

Mn. Chron.

We discharge a mournful duty in laying before our readers the following statement of deaths in Malaga in this year, up to the 16th September last, communicated in a letter received from Cadiz:——

19,843 of both sexes,
1,200 soldiers,
300 guards,
17 physicians,
42 clergy of the cathedral,
82 religious persons,
76 monks. *Nat. Intel.*

At the last Court of General sessions of the Peace, held in this city, there were 8 convicted of *Grand Larceny* and were sentenced to different periods of confinement in the State Prison; among them was a youth of 13, who pleaded guilty to an indictment for stealing a watch; the court, in consideration of his youth, and of his having been seduced to the commission of his crime by an experienced villain whom the iron hand of justice has not yet laid hold of, promised to recommend his case to the mercy of the Governor.—*Petit Larceny*, 20.—Several others were convicted of assault and battery, but none which excited such a general sentiment of indignation as the case of Carl A. Hoffman, who was convicted by verdict of assaulting James Wright, his negro slave, a boy about twelve years old, by stripping him naked, tying his hands and feet together, beating him on the naked body with a severity too shocking to hear recital, and then rubbing into his wounds a mixture of salt and brandy. Several other circumstances of unexampled barbarity towards this boy came out on the trial; and the court sentenced his master to pay a fine of 250 dolls. and to enter into a recognizance to keep the peace and be of good behavior for five years, himself in 1000, & 2 sureties in $500 each.

A young gentleman, student in Columbia college, within these few days died in such circumstances as to give but two much ground to believe his death a case of suicide. In Dr. Stringham's chemical class he had lately behaved in such a manner as to receive a reprimand from the professor, and a citation to an answer for his behavior before the Senatus Academicus. During the time intermediate between the citation and the meeting of the Senatus, he had repeatedly said that he would never be called to an account before them. He retired to rest the evening before his death in apparent health—next morning he was found in convulsions—and against two o'clock, P. M. expired. Two empty phials were found in his room, supposed to have contained the fatal liquid.

The *Aurora* has recommended that some *recompense* should be made to the *wives*, children, or other relations of Mr. Robert Tate lately unjustly executed at *Cape-Francois*.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last Mr. John V. B. Varick, merchant, to Miss Maria Remsen, daughter of John Remsen, esq. all of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Henry Havens, merchant, to Miss Eliza Webster, daughter of Mr. John Webster, all of this city.

At Newark, on the 15th. ult. George Nelson, esq. (related to the Hero of the Nile) to Miss Eliza Smith.

On the 12th inst. at the Friends' Meeting, Francis Thompson, merchant, to Mary Wright, both of this city.

DIED,

On Monday morning of an apoplectic fit, William Alexander, esq. a gentleman well versed in law, and highly respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance.

At Hudson, Mrs. Dorcas Dobbs, widow of the late capt. Dobbs, of this city, aged 73.

THEATRE.

Mr. Cooper's Night.

On *MONDAY EVENING*, Dec. 17th,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

THE TRAGEDY OF

HENRY the Vth.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A FARCE in two Acts, called,

The Lock and Key.

NEW

Christmas Pieces,

For Sale at this Office.

WANTED,

An APPRENTICE to the Carving and Gilding Business.—Apply to

JOHN LEMAIRE,
No. 40, Barclay-street.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Booksellers in this city,

GAINE'S

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. *Price 25 cents.*

FANCY BASKETS AND WOODEN WARE.

JAMES THORBURN, No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business, he will continue to experience their patronage.

He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the Magnet, and other arrivals from Amsterdam, a very handsome assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets, of different sizes. Handsome toilet Baskets. Wine-Glass Baskets, round and oval, large and small. Market Baskets. Ladies' fine Knitting Baskets, of different sizes. Childrens Baskets, different patterns. Counter Baskets. Tumbler Baskets, different sizes. Handsome Plate and Cake Baskets.—Quadrille Boxes, &c. &c.

East-India and Holland Table-matts. Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Iron and Wooden bound. Pails, Brass, Iron and Wooden bound. Coolers, Striped, Painted and Plain. Lignumvitæ Pestle and Morters. Rolling Pins. Also Common Baskets, different kinds.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

BURTUS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY——Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.——

☞ *A Correct Numerical Book kept.—TICKETS, REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.*

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lilly Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occationed by the long continuance of violent pain. I, a few minutes after I applied this valuable mecinen the painen tirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services It is certainly the most efficacious medicine If ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 430 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

THE AMERICAN CAPTIVE IN TRIPOLI.

[*Written by a young American, named* RAY, *now a private marine in the United States Navy.*]

YE lurid domes! whose tott'ring columes stand,
Marks of the despot's desolating hand;
Whose weed grown roofs, and mould'ring arches show,
The curse of tyranny, a nation's woe;
Your dreadful cells expressive silence break,
Echo to groans, and eloquently speak:—
The Christian's blood cements the stones he rears,
The clay was moisten'd with the Christian's tears.
Pale as these walls, a prisoner oft has lain,
Felt the keen scourge, and worn the ruthless chain;
While scoffing foes encreasing torture pour,
'Till the poor victim feels, alas! no more.
E'en here thy sons, America, are found,
Lock'd in foul prisons, and in fetters bound;
Heavens! what a time! must free Columbia bow
Before your tinsel'd tyrant's murky brow!
Cringe to a power, which death and rapine crown,
Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown!
Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,
Enrich'd by spoils, and stain'd with human gore?
To pirate fiends obsequious homage pay,
Their presence honor, and their will obey?
Endure the lash, the pond'rous load sustain!
Suppress their anger, and their threats restrain?
Leave a rich clime! explore the treacherous waves,
The sport of miscreants, and slave of slaves?
Heavens! at the sight, each patriot captive glows
With virtuous hatred on his country's foes,
At every blow, indignant passions rise,
And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.
But heaven is just, though man's bewilder'd mind,
To the dark ways of Providence is blind,
Else, why are some ordain'd above the rest,
Or villains treated better than the best!
Why martyr'd virtue! hang thy injured head!
Why liv'd an Arnold, while a Warren bled!
Earth's murderers triumph, proud oppressions reign,
While patriots bleed, and captives sigh in vain,
Yet slumb'ring justice, soon shall wake, and show
Her sword unsheath'd, and bend the hostile bow;
Columbia's genius hover round each son,
And thy blest shade, immortal Washington,
Unite to guard us from nefarious foes,
And heaven defend, and angels interpose;
Devoted tyrants cause our wrath to feel,
And Beys and Bashaws in submission kneel;
Man's equal right, sweet liberty, restore,
And despotism fall, to rise no more.

THE IRISH GHOST.

[*BY OLD NICK.*]

*O nuova, o fiera, o strana maraviglia!**

IN days of yore, but since the flood,
Whilst Teague in bed was snoring,
A spectre 'fore him ghastly stood,
And 'woke him with its roaring.

No nose it had, nor e'en an eye,
Nor mouth to eat its bread;
And, would you know the reason why,
Alas! it had no head!

With horrid gape Teague view'd the Sprite,
Then cried "Ah! now be *spaking*,
And *aise* me from my sad affright,
And tell me if I'm waking?"

"Arrah my dear," the Shade replied,
"I cannot *spake*, you know;
"But I'm thy father's ghost, who died,
"Beheaded, Lord knows how!"

"Alack, poor ghost!" the son exclaim'd,
"No wonder thou'rt not frisky,
"For he most surely must be tam'd,
"Who cannot drink his whiskey."

"Ah honey true!" the Sprite resum'd,
"Therefore I *laive* the dead;
"And that I may'nt to H— be doom'd,
"I'm *looking* for my head!"

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* *This ejaculatory line is taken from the* 11*th canto of the* Ricciardetto *of* Forteguerri, *where it relates to a certain Gentleman much more cunning than our Irishman, who, after his head had been cut off by Count Orlando, snatched it up, and carried it down stairs with him, to the great surprise of the good Count.*

(*Il buon Conte,*)
Non cede il tronco busto, anzi s'inchina,
E la recisa! testa in mano piglia,
E le scale discende.

ST. 16.

A verse in the New-England version of Psalms, printed in the early days of the country.

"HE dig'd a pit and dig'd it deep,
And thought to catch his brother,
But by his sin he did fall in
The pit he dig'd for t'other."

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEXELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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